[illegible] Feb. 1827

*OLD NICK'S**

POCKET-BOOK;

OR,

HINTS

FOR

"A RYGHTE PEDANTIQUE ANDE MANGLEINGE"

Publication,

TO BE CALLED

"MY POCKET-BOOK."

By himself.

"KING.—Is there no offence in't?

"HAMLET.—No, no, they do but *jest, poison* in *jest;* no offence i' the world."

SHAKSPEARE.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY J. MOYES, SHOE LANE;

FOR SHERWOOD, NEELEY, AND JONES,

PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1808.

* I chuse to go by this name, for three reasons: 1stly, because ever since I published a certain *novel*, it has been my *old nom de guerre*, (and many a battle have I fought under its shield); 2dly, because *ille ego qui quondam*, I am he who travestied a certain novel, some years ago; I am an old *nick*; and, 3dly, because none but Old Nick would perform so ungrateful a task.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following retort is written solely from a love of justice. Its author has not the honour of being known to Sir JOHN CARR, although he has been long acquainted, in common with other publications in modern literature, with the several Tours of that entertaining writer; and, as he thinks them by no means the object of *any* burlesque or travesty, is resolved upon the exposure of the *unfair* one, which has appeared in the shape of "My Pocket-Book." With this work, the author

has taken the trouble to compare the "Stranger in Ireland," page by page: and although the following result of that comparison may be quite sufficient to convince the reader of the great want of candour, which is betrayed in every one of the travester's insinuations, the greater want of truth, which is discovered in every one of his quotations, and the unworthy use of ridicule, which pervades his whole work; yet no one, who has not actually gone through that comparison, can judge of the far greater portion of perversions, mutilations, mis-quotations, and false attributions, which still remain behind.

Of the result of the action at law, which was brought a short time since against the publishers of "My Pocket-Book," on account of the caricature-prints with which that work is very illiberally accompanied, it does not become the author to say a single word. This he will say, however, that that result, inasmuch as it seems to countenance the ridicule of "My Pocket-Book" as just and well-grounded, furnished the author with no small secondary inducement to place this point at issue.

DEDICATION.

TO

THE WORSHIPFUL

COMPANY OF BUTCHERS.

GENTLEMEN!

TO you, whose powers of mangling and whose talents for cutting-up I so greatly envy, and so painfully endeavour to rival, I, on my *marrow-bones*, dedicate " *Old Nick's* Pocket-Book." The world is not aware

of the connexion between us; but it is not the less close. Let us henceforth preserve a reciprocity of knife: do you cut me up mutton, and I will not fail to mangle you authors.

I am, *dear* Gentlemen!

And shall ever be, to the last

Drop of blood,

Your devoted

OLD NICK.

Poultry!
August, 1808.

PREFACE.

I BEG to offer some remarks on the projected "Pocket-Book," of which the subsequent *hints* are intended to serve as a fundamental basis. I believe I need not assure the world, that my object, sole and undivided, in ridiculing "The Stranger in Ireland," was to print nothing more nor less than a *5s.* and *6dy.* duodecimo volume; and as the author of that Tour has, in one part of his work, mentioned that some verses "found their way into his

Pocket-Book," it is under that title and pretence that I will travesty the whole Tour. I must know very well, that a journal of a tour, so extensive and interesting as that of my author, must have occupied a larger receptacle than a pocket-book; and, indeed, what follows, even as *hints* for the future *memorandums*, which I shall call " My Pocket-Book," could not well be comprised in a pocket-book of the largest dimensions, much less could the thick duodecimo which is yet to appear with that appellation. But the title of " My Pocket-Book" suits my convenience, and I care very little whether it accords with truth. I

am like the hero of Dryden's Medal, of whom it was said,

> " His counsels oft convenient, seldom just."

I love to quote; and, by way of shewing my reading still further, will add, however out of place it may be, that this antithesis has been imitated both by Murphy in his " Way to Keep Him," and by Colman in his " John Bull."

I have sent out these *hints* for my great undertaking, to shew the world how laborious a task is a travesty; how I am obliged to wink at my pen's "slips in its testimony" here, to cry "Conscience, avaunt!" there, and to employ that construction of my

author which is the most (I must out with it) illiberal, everywhere. With a sentence of my author, which asks only the addition, or omission, of a single word to make it nonsense, I never hesitate a moment what to do; but there are many passages, which require the most studious perversion, and the most ingenious misconstruction: these are the trials of a travester. At one time, perhaps, he is tormented with a sentence, which requires the reflection of hours to reduce to nonsense; at another, perhaps, he is not blessed with a handle for ridicule for many pages: and with all this, to know that a travesty must be made, that he is

bound to extract from his author a given quantity of good and sufficient nonsense, and to shoot at him a like quantity of like good and sufficient ridicule! Oh! there is a pain in travesting, which none but travesters know! and I can hope, that only a small insight into the great pains I have taken to render my author ridiculous, and the great difficulty with which I have effected that object, will be obtained from a perusal of "*Old Nick's* Pocket-Book."

HINTS FOR "PLATES."

Hints for "Frontispiece."

COPY from Gillray's caricature of "Travelling in Ireland," the long-coach with a cock pecking on its roof, and a cook-maid waiting to start the horses with a red-hot poker. As your author left Ireland "with regret," you "have a right to FILL UP THE PICTURE," and this is only to be done by drawing him like a scaramouch, whining, with his handkerchief to his eyes. To shew that he borrows from other books,

take the old system of drawing radii of labels issuing from each of his pockets, lettered with their titles in large text. Behind him let there be an "athletic porter, bent by the weight of his works" (he of course carries them all with him) "and wardrobe, the latter in a pocket-handkerchief." This is an ungentlemanly insinuation, and the last that is likely to be true; but as I have not much of the gentleman in myself, or of truth in my attacks upon my author, I must husband both commodities, and not "set out at the top of my speed." Put a comet into the sky, to hitch a fling at Mr. Pye's ode for the present year into its tail, and

draw the clouds "like a whale," for the pleasure of quoting Shakspeare.

Hints for "Plate II."

HERE have a portrait of a "noddy," "*enriched*" with an episode of "an Irish beggar exchanging breeches with a scare-crow;" but let his action be ambiguous.

Hints for "Plate III."

As your author is the man who has expressly protested against the ridiculous stories of Ireland, which had

before gained ground, such as those which are represented in the picture you are to copy from Gillray, pourtray another of those stories here, and let the back-ground of this plate represent "horses ploughing by the tail." Your author's refutations of such stories are thus admirably illustrated.

Hints for "Plate IV."

TAKE the Proverb, "Put one Irishman on the spit, and another will turn it," literally, and picture it. The subject is cruel and indelicate, and therefore every way in your style.

Hints for "Plate V."

REPRESENT here your indecent anecdote of Kemble and Mrs. Egan, scene the Green-room. This is another admirable way of illustrating *your author.*

OLD NICK'S

POCKET-BOOK.

Hints for " Mems. for Cap. I."

AS you can say nothing good of your own, begin by quoting an observation of Cowper, about the commencement of the Iliad; no matter how different an epic poem is from a tour. Say you " pity the tourist's translators;" and if they retort by pitying much more his travesters, fine them a perusal of " My Pocket-Book."

Now must you take very great care to disarrange your author's words as much as possible; and it will be ten to one if you cannot make nonsense of them. Thus, instead of saying, with him, that the Irishman, who thrust his wig into the cannon's mouth just as the artillery-man was applying the match to its touch-hole, "exclaimed, *the moment before he was blown to atoms,* 'By Jasus! I have stopped your mouth, my honey, for this time,'" take care to make him say, that he "ran up to the muzzle and thrust his wig into it, exclaiming, 'By Jasus! I have stopped your mouth, my honey, for this time;'" and then

make him add, "*but he did not,* FOR he was blown to atoms." This perverts your author's meaning rarely! So, too, where your author says, "We quitted the jostling of the pavé, for the more easy motion of proceeding upon a fine level road," you must gulp down your conscience, and make him state, *as a grave matter of fact,* "*It is a more easy motion* proceeding on a fine level road, than jostling on the pavé." You must not be very squeamish, either, about an absolute mistatement: for instance, in your author's anecdotes of Mr. Bolton of Soho, it was the steel-work of the Frenchman, who presumed to rival Mr.

Bolton, of which your author, said he, at that moment, forgot what it was; but, never mind; knock the whole business off thus: "The manufactory. Mr. Bolton's ingenious invention: at this moment I forget what it was." Now your author expressly states that Mr. Bolton's invention was "a needle, enclosing another, which contained a third;" but trust that none of your readers will be at the pains to compare your notes with your author's work: if this is done, you cannot warrant them; but they are *incomparably* good.

A second precaution to be observed, as the Spanish paper has it,

(I love to quote wherever I can; by the bye, too, I am learning Spanish; don't you see, that whenever I have occasion for Don Quixote, I summon him to me in his own language?) a second precaution to be observed throughout "My Pocket-Book," will be to quote as much Latin and Greek as you can throw in for nothing, as the lambs were given to the shepherdess, in the Vicar of Wakefield's family-picture. Thus, let but your author mention his travelling in the Coach with an 'owl,—an owl? ,"μαντις κακων, the prophet of evil" directly say you, with all the "hum" of a *Pangloss;* and then add, (I am afraid with your usual wicked-

ness of *double entendre,*) "the *gentlemen* much objected to such an ominous travelling-companion:—'*Bubo,* dirum mortalibus omen.'"—"Cunning, you'll say, but keen, *dev'lish* keen."

Although nobody is a greater *coiner* of words than yourself; for instance, your "Mrs. St. Ledger and Mrs. Glover are two good-natured *fooseles* in their way;"* yet you had better object to the following epithet, by merely quoting the passage which contains it, putting the word in italics: "Near the lofty wrekin, the iron mines and

* See the periodical publication I edit, for June last, page 452.

furnaces had a *Vesuvian* appearance." If there is any thing ridiculous in this passage, your readers may conjecture that you had

> " ——— ——— no doubt
> " They all had wit enough to find it out;"

if not, it helps to fill " My Pocket-Book," and there's no harm done. Write the following passage, too, without any remark: it will then seem as if it was your author's bull, whereas he relates it of " a gentleman, who joined him at Oswestry." " At Litchfield races, *all* the horses that ran were *distanced*." As you quote your author's observation upon the Welch *ll*, say something about the German *ü*, and " Schülz, the

commentator on Æschylus;" you must at least shew your learning, while you are ridiculing another man's genius. Your author says, that "the beauties of nature, in Llangollen vale, are chiefly animated by the appearance of small sheep, *who furnish* the most exquisite mutton." But what is it to you what your author says? have you ever minded it throughout your work? make him say what you please; a man should be complying: make him say, "*amongst* the beauties of nature (very much to my taste) *I reckon* exquisite mutton." That is quite another *guess-sort of a thing*. While your author is on the subject of Welch genealogies, make him say,

" A Welchman considers Adam as a fellow of yesterday." There is nothing like this in the tour, unless it can be made out by jumbling together, in Swift's book-making machine, the two anecdotes which your author relates. This is the plan you must adopt here: I am very fond of Swift, and catch myself imitating his style wherever I can; but, some how or another, I can't catch myself with any thing like his wit. I must impeach the authenticity of my author's genealogical anecdotes; and, if he had related the story of the Welchman, towards the middle of whose genealogical tree was written, " About this time the world was

created," I dare say I should say, that that, too, was to be found in "a French farce." Always bear in mind that piece of advice, which tells you, whenever you hear a good story told, to damp the mirth of the company, by saying you have read it in this or that book; the practice not only makes the narrator look foolish, but shews your own reading.

When even you yourself must allow your author to have said a good thing, quote Hamlet, and say, "a hit, a very palpable hit." For the great services which Hamlet has performed in the way of furnishing quotations, see your own works passim, where, in one place, an actor's

performance is said to be "'excellent, *i' faith.'*——*Hamlet.*"

Laugh at all your author's descriptions of the sublimities of Wales; and, when he comes to the Devil's glen, shew your intimacy with that personage and all his country-seats, in Wales, Derbyshire, and Sussex. Remember you are an Old Nick yourself. If you cannot ridicule the story of Llewelyn's dog Gelert in any other way, tell it with an "as how that then:" what is there that can not be metamorphosed into vulgarity by these magic words?

Now give another trial how you can countervert your author's sentences. He says, "While we were

at breakfast, we were serenaded for the first time by a Welch harper;" and after that he observes, that "*in Sweden* it is always usual to congratulate the arrival of a stranger of respectability with music." But every body must mind his own business: your author was writing a complacent tour; your object is to make a grinning travesty. Transpose these sentences thus: "It is always usual to congratulate the arrival of a stranger of respectability with music.—*I* was serenaded for the first time by a Welch harper." There: don't you see that you've made him call himself "respectable?"

As your author danced during a

stormy night, set him down for "mad, or at any rate no author of quartos." A writer of folios should chain himself to the shelf with his book, a writer of quartos should never dance, a writer of octavos should merely walk, but a writer of duodecimos (I am one) may frisk about, and laugh at all the rest, as he pleases. These are the gradations of literary loco-motion.

Doubt your author's meeting with a French dictionary while he travelled; it is very improbable that there should be such a thing any where but at home.

Your author writes, "The church at Holyhead is dedicated to St. Ki-

bius, who flourished here *a short time since*, AS A WELCH GENEALOGIST WOULD INSIST UPON, viz. in the year 380." Leave out the words in capitals, and it will look like a blunder of your author; the marrow of the jest will vanish, and then you may gnaw the bone with your critical teeth, at leisure.

When your author mentions Lady *Tuite's* offer of seasonable refreshment, make him say, "*to it* I went." "Your acquaintance, of course, have *names*; and, if they have no other merit, it's very hard if you can't make something of them in the pun way," as I say in my *Rules for Punning*. Mem. to tack these, along

with the rest of the MSS. found in St. Patrick's abbey, to the end of "My Pocket-Book." A certain periodical publication, in which they appeared a few years ago, won't miss them.

Hints for "Mems. for Cap. II."

Now let me see how I can ridicule all description. "On the right was the rugged hill of Howth, with its rocky bays," says my author. On the RIGHT, was it? strange that it should be on the *right!* It was there as usual? more strange that it should not disappear when my

author arrived there! "Its rocky bays also?" strangest of all, that it should not have tumbled down and filled up its bays! Thus, by presuming that every part of a description is related as a matter of surprise, and not of fact, I get rid of all description at once. Shakspeare, Milton, Cowper, and the rest of our accurate descriptive poets, pondered over the preciseness and utility of every word, in vain. Let me see if I can't ridicule their best descriptions. Firstly, Shakspeare's Dover Cliff.

"The crows and choughs that wing the
mid-way air
"Seem scarce so gross as beetles."

Wonderful that distance should diminish to the sight!

——————" Half-way down
" Hangs one that gathers samphire; dreadful trade!"

Most astonishing that a useful herb should be gathered, and that it should be gathered too, of all places, in that where it was likely to be found! " *Dreadful* trade!" No; it's like writing ridiculous descriptions, nothing when you're used to it, Mr. Shakspeare.

" Methinks he seems no bigger than his head:"

If Mr. Shakspeare here means, that, on account of the distance, the whole man looked no bigger than his head

would have looked, when it was close to him, it is a sapient reflection obscurely expressed; but if he means, that since from the point of view the cliff afforded, the man's head was looked down upon and the rest of his body foreshortened, the wonderment of the observation is about of a piece with the author's general progress in the science of perspective. Then follow some more important remarks deduced from the wonderful effect of distance upon sight, a discovery which it must be supposed Mr. Shakspeare had just made; and the description concludes;

"———The murmuring surge,
"That in the unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,
"Cannot be heard so high."

How did Mr. Shakspeare know that the surge murmured, if it "could not be heard so high?" Very strange that the pebbles on a sea-shore should not have been numbered! Why is not this task included in the acts of parliament for reckoning the population of the country? "Idle pebbles," too! oh, they ought to be made to work. 2dly, a passage from Milton's L'Allegro.

"Right against the eastern gate,
"Where the great sun begins his state."

So, the sun rises in the east! nay, more, he is "great," mark that!

"Rob'd in flames, and amber light,
"The clouds in thousand liv'ries dight."

"Rob'd in flames and amber light?" ay, like a lady with a yellow gown, and an amber necklace! The "thousand liv'ries" may not be useless to keep up the "state" Mr. Milton talks of.

"While the plowman near at hand,
"Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,
"And the milk-maid singeth blithe,
"And the mower whets his scythe,
"And every shepherd tells his tale,
"Under the hawthorn in the dale."

"*While*" all this is doing? Why could not the sun wait till they were all done? So strange, too, that a plowman should whistle, a milk-maid sing, a mower's scythe want whetting, and a shepherd tell a tale.

But only think of *all* the shepherds telling their tales under *one* hawthorn in *one* dale! What a crowd and a hubbub there must be! 3dly, a passage from Cowper's "Task."

"Here Ouse, slow winding thro' a level plain
"Of spacious meads, with cattle sprinkled o'er,
"Conducts the eye along his sinuous course,
"Delighted."

"Ouse was here as usual;" the "level plain of spacious meads also." Strange that cattle should be found in meadows! Here a river takes the eye by its lash, and wafts it down the stream, "delighted!" Strange sport!

" ——There, fast-rooted in their bank,
"Stand, never overlook'd, our fav'rite elms,
"That screen the herdsman's solitary hut."

Now change sides. To be even with the "here," "there" are Mr. Cowper's "fav'rite elms;" "fast-rooted in their bank," too! Strange that! considering that Mr. Cowper knew them to be old friends, and that they were large enough to "screen a hut."

Your author says, that "the hill of Howth wants only a volcano to resemble Vesuvius:" it is very clear that the word *wants* here is used in the Latin sense of *caret*, and not the English one of *wishes to have:* but any fool can catch the most obvious meaning of a word; take the most remote: say, it would resemble Vesuvius, "if it could *get* what it

wants." This is nonsense; and the idea of regretting that a mountain is not a volcano, is borrowed from a remark of the valet in Mrs. Radcliffe's "Italian:" but what is all the rest of "My Pocket Book?"

As the bay of Dublin was the place where Swift was triumphantly welcomed back to Ireland by the heads of corporations, it is not at all proper to introduce this anecdote, when speaking of that bay. Ironize your author for the introduction.

Upon the North and South *Bulls* pun away.

Say something about the identity of the Chinese Emperor Ki, and the Irish King Conar. There is nothing

about the matter in your author; but it will shew you have read Swift and Goldsmith.

As your author has said that he meant " to describe *principally* what he *saw*," take it for granted that the rest must be, not what he *heard*, but what " neither he nor any body else ever saw."

Make your author relate a bull, whose insertion in " My Pocket-Book" will be the first he has heard of it. And in order to introduce a piece of *black*-letter learning of your own, from the *Blacke Booke*, 1604, make your author say he had no *laquais de place* in Ireland. Nothing of all this is in his book.

Your author says, that a "jingle resembles *as much of a* coach as *remains* after the doors and the upper sides and roof are removed." Translate this into, "resembles a coach, when it is not a coach." Nothing is more nauseous than too literal a version.

Take advantage of an error of the press, which repeats the word "is," and write, "Note; the low Irish repeat the verb '*is, is*:' it is exceedingly humorous."

Your author is contented, when he wishes to accuse a report of falsehood, with saying so in his own words. Shew him how much better it would be, in point of display of

reading, to say, "a lie, an odious, "damned lie; upon my soul, a lie, a "wicked lie.—*Othello.*" Quotation is in general used for the sake of its pith and brevity: *you* use it for the sake of circumlocution.

While your author is venturing a conjectural etymology of the word "gee," the driving imperative, from the German geh, go, lug in your Greek, and hint that it may be from the word γη, and may mean, get over the *ground*. Not to mention your very probable interpretation of this word, the γ is hard, and the *g* in *gee* soft. But Swift made no bones of soft and hard *g*'s, when he derived a pickled-cucumber from king Jere-

miah, through this channel: king Jeremiah, Jeremiah King; Jeremy Kin; Jerry Kin; Jerkin; Girkin; Pickled-Cucumber. Always imitate Swift in those little points, which you *can* attain.

When the jingle-driver asks your author for another *hog*, say something good about its being a great *bore*. Since you luckily catch your author saying that a mendicant of Ireland "*may* say to its legislature, in the language of Shakspeare,

"You taught me first to beg; and now, methinks,
"You teach me how a beggar should be answer'd,"

take it for granted that your author

thinks it probable a beggar *will* say these very words; and then you can bring in a Greek proverb with the greatest ease; from which point you may afterwards ramble to Otway, the Muses, Persius, and Dr. Beattie, through two or three whole pages. Never mind leaving your author; he is used to it.

Hints for "Mems. for Cap. III."

Abuse your author for not writing a *new* history of Dublin, and for not inventing *new* dimensions for it. Say, "look for it where it's to be found," and be puerile enough to

add, "*in no other place.*" Pertness becomes you.

When an author relates a fact, he ought to be examined into his knowledge of that fact, as narrowly as a witness in a court of justice; and, like a witness, he is not to be suffered to tell what he has heard only. Thus, when the author before you says, that the Dublin water "is not near so pure and excellent as it was about 60 years since," you have a right to ask him, did you taste it then? By questions like this, you pose all historians, but those who were contemporary with the facts they relate; and as you lately got rid of all description, now you thrust all

history from your library, but chronicles and newspapers. Be quibblingly indecent upon the Dublin contract with the grand canal company, " to unite their water with the city bason."

Call the deficiency in weight of your author's money, when tried by a shop-keeper, " a detection in the attempt to pass off bad money." These trifling charges are of no consideration. As the shop-keeper was a female, make her eyes write Latin: make your author say, " I could read in her eyes ' *æs* triplex circa pectus,' and not a little of *it* in your face, to offer me such bad money." There, you've out-done your author now;

you've "better'd his instruction:" he only hinted, that a beggar might quote Shakspeare; you have made a female shop-keeper's eyes quote Latin.

Upon the subject of the scarcity of gold specie in Ireland, make your author, who has certainly ably entered into the matter, say merely, "Guineas are guineas here;" and then tell him the old story of the coal-merchant whose coals were all slates.

Take it for granted that your author has as little feeling, as he ought to have to endure "My Pocket-Book." When he says, that what he has observed upon the currency of Ireland is "prompted alone by

an ardour for the amelioration and happiness of Ireland, which every one, who visits her, must feel as I do," call "*as I do*" a "saving clause;" and when, in a future passage, he mentions his leaving Tinnahinch "with real regret," say that "all his former parting-regrets were mere sham." Always bear in mind, that you have *nothing* to do with an author's feelings.

Hints for "Mems. for Cap. IV."

When your author visits the Irish "house of parliament now convert-

ing into a national bank," talk of the quantity of *base* money in Ireland; it will serve you to quote Hamlet, your favourite task, you know; "to what *base* uses may we not return, Horatio!" "Call that a bit of wit," when you know it is only a bit of a pun, and that procured by playing into your own hands.

All the just praises your author bestows upon the literati of Ireland, must, of course, be given with an interested view; and don't be squeamish about slandering both your author and those he praises, hinting, that as the former does not think those praises deserved, so the latter actually do not deserve them. What are

candour and liberality? You have just heard of such things.

You have hitherto represented your author as thinking very highly of himself: to keep up the character, make him say, "The crabbed examination of Trinity College would never *do* for me, or rather it *would*." This pun I had from Allingham's "Weathercock."

Hints for "Mems. for Cap. V."

Copy these words from your author: "A fine cast of the Laocoon. The original I have seen, as well as

the divine statue of the Belvidere Apollo, in the imperial museum at Paris, and give the preference infinitely to the latter." Then say, that it is by no means clear whether he means, that he prefers the original to the cast, or the Apollo to the Laocoon. You yourself know very well that the sentence can have but one meaning, and that the words, "a fine cast of the Laocoon," are, in your author, placed still more remote from the present sentence, by the previous insertion of the words, "presented to the society by David La Touche, jun. Esq." Although your author has not even hinted at his former publications, make him say here, "see my

'Stranger in France'—you should have such a book;" just as, in another place, you made him say, "see my 'Northern Summer'—which buy." After your author has ridiculed the charge of a certain writer, who accuses the Irish ladies with being *naturally* addicted to the forgery of franks, by a story of a "Hamburgher, of whom it was said, that he was most happily organized *by nature* for a *sugar-refiner*, ask "what this has to do with forging franks?" and say, "you don't know." You "doan't moind a bit of a lie, you know."

When your author tells an anecdote of the confusion into which an Irish orator in the house of commons

was thrown, by a cork's bursting from a bottle of porter in the gallery, — cork? Ireland? can't you pun?

As you hear that St. Patrick's abbey, where Swift is interred, "is frequently laid twelve feet under water," remember your Hamlet, that's all. "Water's a sore destroyer"— that will do.

Be contemptuous upon "Swift's punning quotation from Virgil, on the Cremona fiddle, thrown down by a gown—

"*Mantua* væ miseræ nimium vicina *Cremonæ*."

You never make punning quotations. Oh, no! "Ecce signum."

" *Magister artis,* ingenîque largitor,
" *Venter.*"——PERSIUS.

" Hunger *a master* is *of arts,*
" Who brightens much the mental parts."

This would be very good, if "art*is*" signified "of art*s*." Its principal merit, however, is the dexterity with which you have placed it where it is. It has nothing to do with "My Pocket-Book," that your very enemies must allow.

Hints for " Mems. for Cap. V."

[*As the printer has, by mistake, numbered two of your author's chapters V. and not one VI. charge it to the account of your author: you must state every trifle that makes against him; and he* must *want genius, who can't even correct errors of the press.*]

CALL your author's drawings, " lady-like:" even *you* must praise him for these; and what greater praise can you bestow upon them, than to call them " lady-like," now that we have such excellent female artists?

In the story of the repentant drunken cook, translate your author's assertion, that her priest "granted her absolution," into "brought her to her *purgations*:" it will not appear strained, when your readers see that you made use of that phrase, for the purpose of introducing a pun, and the *Almanach des Gourmands*, which you have just read.

There are many little Newgate jokes about hanging, which you must not let slip while your author is visiting the Dublin gaol: for instance, when he proposes an improvement in the gallows, say, "Let every man exercise his genius in the way to which it looks!" It is

very likely, indeed, from your author's habits and situation, that he will come to be hanged corporeally, just as you are hanging him mentally. But *hang* that! don't spare your jokes!

You must represent, or rather misrepresent, all your author's travelling anecdotes, as downright fabrications: it is impossible a man can meet with adventures, or hear bulls, while he is travelling; he invents them all at home, and then he meets with them abroad:

> "He makes the giants first, and then he kills them."

You must, therefore, say, "Now tell so and so:" "let the hero of this

anecdote be about 45, short, plump, and rosy:" "let the subject of that be from Cambridgeshire:" &c.

Ridicule the expedient of the Irish viceroy, who, to make the people believe that he was to remain in his situation some years, ordered an asparagus-bed to be made. This, as an asparagus-bed is some years before it is productive, was really an ingenious method of quieting the minds of the common people; but be wise enough to discover, that it might be possible for the viceroy to quit Ireland, without eating a dish of his own asparagus.

Hints for " Mems. for Cap. VII."

"The summer still extended its sway beyond the ordinary period of its reign; and although the season of autumn was arrived, not a leaf denoted decay." I might as well give this sentence thus: " Although the season of autumn was arrived, the summer still extended its reign, therefore in Ireland they are found both together." I don't know what this does besides mangle, but I'll e'en venture it.

Talk a little nonsense about the Irish *miles and no miles;* and as your author " could not learn why a long mile was called a *lucky* one," say,

"curse such *luck.*" The remark is of about your standard: nay, now, don't think it too bad; you have said much worse; you're modest.

Since your author's post-boy was told to "drive *beautiful,*" it follows, that "a man, however ugly, when he is asked, 'how are you?' always replies, '*charming*, I thank you.'" This your author does not say; but is it not an obvious sequitur? As the chaise-steps clattered, say they travel in Ireland "with music:" don't add "with dancing:" you have as good authority for it, for the words are "the iron steps kept *dancing* all the way to a *clatter;*" but music will be enough.

As the remarks on the places called *Kill*, in Ireland, are followed by a description of a place called the *Scalp*, see if you cannot find some other connexion between the names; and pun thereon.

"As we wished to walk through the Dargle, we alighted from our chaise near a beautiful cottage upon the domains of Lord Viscount Powerscourt," &c.

Don't hear this sentence out; but stop your author at the words "alighted from our chaise," and then write; "you can't walk through the Dargle, without you alight from your chaise." As your author says he now discovered "a new world of

beauty," take it for granted " this earth left him," and make him say so accordingly: a man can't " go to that 'are world" without " leaving this 'ere;" and as for metaphor, I disallow it altogether.

When your author gets to Bray, what does an ass do? why, *bray*. Then hint, that this must be the "*place*" that Dogberry talks of, as " serving to specify that he is an ass." This is really a good joke; therefore I must lug it in by the *ears*. Call your author and his companion *asses*, while you are upon the subject: this has been legitimate controversial abuse, time out of mind.

If you think your author " conceitede," abuse him; and if he is really modest, abuse him still. But what if he is neither? why, yet again abuse him. *Abuse, abuse, abuse,* are the three great graces of a travesty. He says, that " if his remarks should have any influence to induce Mrs. H. Tighe to a more diffuse publication of her work, he shall at least make some atonement for the errors of that by which it is recommended." Call this " a desideratum in literature." The more modest your author is, the more impudent you should be.

Introduce here your ballad, entitled " Mr. O'Looney's Account of

the Rebellion in Ireland:" it will come in here as well as any where else; and its having no connexion with your author's work, will rather be a recommendation to it than otherwise; for what you say upon him, is much duller than your wanderings from him.

Talking of Dwyer, the rebel, your author says, that "the virtue of singular incorruptibility, although displayed in a bad cause, loses nothing of its intrinsic value on that account." Make him say, by way of a parting distortion, "*What* is done in a bad cause is just as virtuous as if it was in a good one."

Hints for "Mems. for Cap. VIII."

Laugh at the "magnanimity of an Irish cabin," because its proof was humble.

Speculate upon the anecdote of the potatoe's contributing to human fecundity. These little modest remarks are in your way; or rather, as your friend Allingham would say, modesty is not *in your way* at all.

There are as many good things to be said upon *eating out* and *out-eating*, as upon *looking over* and *overlooking*: try if there are not.

As your author "*sat down* to a couple of delicious fowls," say he

" *ate* them." I have a great mind to say, that, as he sat down to table, he ate that too. While your author is drinking his wine, tell him the news-paper-joke of " His *port* I love."

Don't relish the dry humour of the Irishman, who, upon falling from the top of a house to the bottom, where his life was saved only by some mortar that received him, got up and said coolly, " By Jasus! I had like to have hurt myself." See nothing in it.

Quote an Irish anecdote from Cumberland's " Life," and make your author say, that " if the book were not so recent, he should have liked to have told the story as happening

to himself." You can't attempt to make him out less entitled to credit than you have done.

Tell your author "never to fail to put the word on which his point depends in italics," and quote from your favourite Swift:

> "When letters are in vulgar shapes,
> "'Tis ten to one the wit escapes."

Follow this precept by an immediate example; and print a stale pun thus: "This is not the only time I was be-*nighted* in Ireland."

"The learned bishop Pococke has observed, that Arklow presents a striking resemblance to the hill of Mount Sion at Jerusalem," says your

author, with a view of exposing the inedifying comparison: swear your author makes this his own, and call it "a description *at once.*"

As your author has said, that the Irish common people are often *witty*, weigh all their observations by that standard, and see nothing in a driver's observing, when one of his horses plunged, "Your honour, that mare is always very *unasy* in going down hill."

As your whole object is to abuse your author for writing his own observations, it will be rational to abuse him much more for quoting his account of Glendaloch from Dr. Ledwich, instead of writing it himself.

Hints for " Mems. for Cap. X."

SAY " Peter Latouche, Esq. *is to have* every public and private virtue," since your author says " his name *has long been* associated with them."

If your author tells you a well-known anecdote of Garrick and Sir John O'Farrel, tell him a better—known one from Joe Miller, about the Irishman's watch beating St. Paul's clock.

When at Powerscourt waterfall, your author says, " On account of the dryness of the season, the fall was very scanty, when we were pre-

sent." It will suit your purpose better to make him say, that "at Powerscourt there is not so much water in dry as in rainy seasons."

Attribute all your author's anecdotes in a lump to Joe Miller: you will find the advantage of doing this, too, at every story you hear related in company, when you can't refer it to any other author.

As your author quotes Sir William Petty, Smith, Young, Kirwan, and Dr. Rutty, to prove the fact of the humidity of the Irish atmosphere, say he did it to "convince himself that it arose from the moisture of the climate."—"One great cause," observes your author, "of the roads in Ireland

enduring so long, when once constructed, is owing to there being no *ponderous waggons*, or other *heavy carriages*, to cut them into ruts." Travesty this; "*Nothing* passing over the roads that wears them, is one great cause of their enduring so long." Now comes the word *cars*: ever while you live, pun.

Curran's lines on the death of the Rev. Alex. Lamelliere, *are* "*beautiful*," but I might as well appear to call them so only ironically, so I'll score the word. I must not be seen to agree with my author in any one point. They're wretched.

Hints for "Mems. for Cap. X."

[The printer has again mis-printed the figure of a chapter. See my note upon Chap. V. for VI. (as a dinner engagement runs).]

The specimens of Irish literature, which your author gives in this chapter, are introduced only "to fill so many quarto pages." Sink their merits, and the obscurity of those merits.

When you quote Montaigne's advice for the banishment of silly writers, (and it is one of those general remarks which may be introduced

any where; not but, that, if it were not, you could not lug it in,) remember what he adds: "Alors on banniroit *moi* et cent autres;"—and then give an explanation, which wants nothing but the squeaking voice of Grimaldi, to perfect its clownish simplicity—"meaning himself, *not me.*"

Throughout this chapter, you must trust to your own powers of distortion, Mr. Grimaldi: I can furnish you with few hints; but you must take care to suggest, that the catalogue of Irish authors, artists, &c. is made out merely that each of them may take a copy. It is of no consequence that half of them are dead.

Hints for "Mems. for Cap. XI."

As your author is now about to "view a little closer the character of the low Irish," say, that "having ascertained their cleanliness, there can be 'no offence i' th' world.'"— Hamlet again.

If your author talks about their "quick conception," make him add, "(I don't mean here the women)." The best way in the world to excite a *double entendre*, is to protest against it, just as, in composition, the best way to mention a circumstance, is "not to mention" it. I love a paradox so much, that I hug the very shadow of one.

Upon the report of the addiction of the low Irish to pilfering, make your author say, " they never robbed me;" and then make him a Cambridge-man, to introduce the following " punning quotation" of your own:

" CANTAB *it vacuus* coram latrone viator."

" Of thieves the Cantab has no dread,
" Whose purse is empty as his head."

This is no very great gain, for all the trouble you have had in putting circumstances together, *false and true*; but that is not your fault; you stuck at nothing.

If you hear the word " melodies," quote—

" Gentle airs, *melodious* strains,

and then add,

"Call for *raptures* out of WOE."

Print all this so: who knows but somebody may find a meaning in it? Say something about Woeflf's being called *Woeful;* that may help a reader. There is, of course, nothing of all this in your author.

Then introduce all the musical puns of the side-boxes, all Sheridan's jokes upon Kelly, &c.; but make a mem. for your author not to introduce this into his book. This is an excellent expedient for writing a Pocket-Book: I wish I had thought of it before; I might thus quote all the theatrical chit-chat of my former

works, by the help of a "Mem. all this to be left out of the quarto." And this under pretence of travesting the "Stranger in Ireland."

Find out the *equivoque* of this passage: "Sir John Hawkins affirms that Dubourg often wished to enjoy an Irish *fair*;" and tell your author to "see if he can make any thing of it," as if *he* could, if *I* could not.

When Miss Edgeworth is quoted as saying, that "more *matches* are made at wakes than at weddings," tell her plump she means *bastards*. You have no character for decency to lose.

Have less respect even for your favourite Swift's version of "O'Rourke's

Feast," because it occupies " three pages" of the work you are so delighted to mangle.

From the post of "the purity of the low Irish, notwithstanding the indiscriminate closeness with which their families live together," start and run with your author as far as he writes upon " female delicacy," but soon distance him, and shew the world what " male indelicacy" is. Take occasion, as you "run" through four pages, to " read" and quote the *Black Booke* again. It is not at all surprising that this should be the favourite volume of an Old Nick.

When your author accounts for an Irishman's bulls, by attributing them

to "the uncommon quickness of his thoughts, and the volubility of his speech, which, before a question is *half* delivered, discharge the whole of its answer, and prepare another to follow,"—call this "an Irishman's discharging his answer *before* the question."

Hints for "Mems. for Cap. XI."

[*Take advantage of still another mistake of the printer. There are "two Chaps. XI. in the quarto!"*]

Upon the "advertising blunder," which your author quotes, as a proof that bulls are made out of Ireland,

" suppose" the punctuation different; and then lug in the old story, " A man going to sea, his wife desires the prayers of this congregation."

Call your author's bulls from the poets, " figurative expressions." That from Thomson,

> " He saw her charming, but he saw *not half*
> " The charms her downcast modesty *conceal'd*,"

first appeared as a *bull* in the periodical publication I have before alluded to; but I very well know the value of every thing there.

Mis-translate the bull from Virgil,

> " Moriamur, et in media arma ruamus,"

into,

> " Let us rush into the fight, *and die*,"

instead of,

"Let us *die, and* rush into the fight;"

and tell your author to call it a bull, "if he knows no better."

As an instance of the Irish confusion of shall and will, make your author give, "If I eat that, I will have the belly ach." This is not his; but you want the word *ach,* you know, to introduce a fling at Kemble and his *aitches.* Say, "Don't insert this in the quarto, nor the following" (the old story of—'I *will* be drowned, and nobody shall help me'): "*they are* TOO GOOD!!!"

Whenever your author is serious, as he must naturally be upon the "degraded condition of the low

Irish," be you more full of "your quips and your quiddities" than ever. If he talks of middle-men? not the "in *medio* tutissimus:" if he compares the Irish soil to a starved horse carrying *treble?* "a *base* thing:" roar down all reflection, and keep up the joke to the last.

Hints for "Mems. for Cap. XIII."

SAY your author is a *conjuror:* it will in time help you to a "punning quotation;" and, for all your contempt of Swift's, you are as fond of them as Beresford is. Say, too, that because "he *stopped* at Killdare," he

says to you, "Now be at Killdare." And now for the quotation you have been at so much pains to pave the way for. "Let us hear this jest your head is so big with," as your favourite Swift says.

> "Ut MAGUS; et modò me Thebis, modò
> ponit Athenis."

Lug in Gibbon. You have a good thing to say upon him: your common-place book has, "Instead of *luminous*, Gibbon ought to be called *vo-luminous*." Quote that; "My Pocket-Book" will begin to grow dull else.

Dull? then pun a little. Next misrepresent again. Write, "I was

much gratified with Roscrea. The country is *flat*—a source of gratification to an antiquarian;" but keep a memorandum how different from this is your author's language: he says, "I was much gratified with Roscrea. The antiquarian will find much source of gratification in the remains of the piety and military enterprise of distant times, to be found in this town and neighbourhood. There is also, to the north-west of this place, a round tower, 15 feet in diameter. The country *in this neighbourhood* is *flat*."

Hints for "Mems. for Cap. XIV."

Defy your reader to understand whether your first paragraph here is *nothing* or *something*. Let it be this: "At Limerick, in the cathedral I saw nothing" ("worthy of notice," adds your author). "That will be worth mentioning, and thus nothing worthy of notice will be made something of."

Laugh at your author's pathetic description of the miserable lazar-gaol at Limerick. "Punch has no feelings." Sneer at Lord Erskine, a common-place man, of little genius, and less wisdom, and, in purity, no better than he should be. As your

author hopes his hints respecting Limerick gaol will "*arrest* the eye of some one who possesses the influence he has not," call them a "bailiff:" you have exploded all metaphor, you know.

Tell a *story* of "a gentleman, who wrote a topographical account of a *little obscure village*, which he comprised, by means of travelling out of the record, in *four volumes, quarto.*" Say you are "acquainted with him," and "once observed of him, that if he undertook to compose a history of the world, he must have another world to hold the books." This was very well indeed of you!

Make a pun upon *lights* and *liver:*

like neighbour Flamborough's stories, such a thing has often been laughed at, and will, I dare say, be laughed at once more. Have at Hamlet again here. Pun upon the name of Grose, the antiquary, that "*gross* fat man," as Shakspeare says.

Say that "four pages of quotation here are not to be *sneezed* at in writing a quarto:" no; only to be *sneered* at.

The concluding observation of this chapter of "My Pocket-Book" shall be, *entre nous*, almost the only bit of truth in the work. It shall be; "according to Swift's idea, I do not know but I am as well qualified to wage a *pun*-ic war as any man living."

Hint for "Mems. for Cap. XV."

CALL the specimens of Irish lyric poetry, with which this chapter is filled, "eleven pages of *stuff*," and pass on to the next.

Hints for "Mems. for Cap. XVI."

QUOTE Barnaby in this chapter, for the third or fourth time: he is, like a favourite protegé, lugged in every where.

Pretend not to know why a sigh is to be heaved, when your author says, "The moralist, the painter, and an-

tiquarian, will not pass Adair without heaving a sigh for poor mortality, without borrowing some venerable grace from the hoary pile, or tracing, amid the mouldering ruins, the skill and taste of distant ages." The only wonder would be, if you *did* know how much warranted a sigh; a laugh is your forte, and forte indeed is your laugh.

Glean something about Dutch smoking from your author's Tour in Holland, and bring it in here: it will come very well in any part of your book; you are *smoking* all the way through it.

Pick another quarrel with your author for suffering Mr. Walker's

elegant " Memoir of Carolan," and Miss Brookes's " Reliques" of his poetry, to " furnish six pages." You must, in your heart, have a great love for your author's writings, to be so angry at his suffering any body else to write for him.

Hints for " Mems. for Cap. XVII."

Now shew why you dislike description. " Swift has said;

> " *Descriptions*, tedious, flat, and dry,
> " Are introduc'd the Lord knows why."

" So, the murder's out." Don't understand a word your author says, or

a figure he uses, in the way of description.

As your author finds his horse ready saddled at Dunloe Castle, quote Walter Scott's "knights of fame,"

> "Who quit not their harness bright,
> "Neither by day, nor yet by night."

A professed quoter has always a right to introduce a passage, upon as slight an authority as that.

> "Name a town-life, and, in a trice,
> "He had a story of two mice."

When your author talks of "a bird that has no name assigned to it," say "its very hard." It would be much in your style to say, "It was

harder where there was *none*;" but "abstain, desist, 'desine'—TERENCE—hum."

Try what you can make of the following passage, the author's *passage* home from the Lake of Killarney: "Evening and rain came on: full of delight, and somewhat 'flushed with the Tuscan grape,' we shot the old Weir Bridge, in one of the darkest nights, and descended its fall." Thus far your author: now you: "Evening and rain came on, *upon which* I was full of delight—the *pourquois* follows—because I and the rest were 'flushed with the Tuscan grape,' alias *whiskey*. Being *drunk*, we shot (don't be alarmed) the old Weir Bridge," &c.

That's what I call travesty. The French word signifies *disguise;* and I have not only disguised my author with ridiculous perversion, but I have disguised him with liquor: I have made him "drunk."

While your author is refuting the charge of deep-drinking, which has been made against the Irish, tell him the old story of the Irishman who quarrelled with a friend for drinking unfairly, and, when the chairman offered to fine him a bumper, exclaimed, "Och, by Jasus! that's "not it: he drinks unfair, I say, "because he has drank two glasses "to my one." According to you, your author likes "old stories;"

therefore he'll relish this. If you have any thing more to say upon Irish drinking, " nunc est *bibendum.*"

Make your author assert;—Starvation is not good for the cows—it deforms them; and, if carried to any great length, I was informed, they would die." This you got from Morton's " Speed the Plough," and not from your author. Don't you recollect where Farmer Ashfield says; —" The ponds be always dry i' the zummer; and I be tuold that beant wholesome vor the little vishes."

Hints for " Mems. for Cap. XVIII."

TELL your author on the " causes of population" to be delicate. Leave indelicacy to you.

When a peasant thanks your author for helping him to remount his barrels of butter, by saying, " Ah! may your honour live long, very long, make your author call that *wit*, as he has once said that the Irish peasants were witty.

" Notes," says your author, (insert here, " notes of exclamation, I suppose:" God knows why you suppose it; but say so;) " notes, called shopkeepers' I. O.'s, are entirely abolish-

ed. What is there remarkable in that passage? My parenthesis.

Hints for "Mems. for Cap. XIX."

Your author's verses on the Kilkenny theatricals are really good; but, for your life, don't say so.

I have a green-room story about Kemble and Mrs. Egan, in my common-place-book, if I could but get —get? I'll make my author say "get," and it will come in directly. Let me see: he is saying, that "a few years since, it was customary, instead of having a regular driver,

for the master of a chaise to bargain with the first boy who was passing by, to drive it." Make him say, what "if you can't *get* a boy?" Now, relate the story directly; but, as it is excessively indecent, precede it with "Private note;" and if the *public* read it, it is at their own peril.

Your author says, that he "found the Athy canal-boat nearly ready, and precisely as the clock struck *one*, the towing-horse started." He afterwards tells you, he "dined," "slept at Robertstown," and "arrived at Dublin about 10 o'clock, A. M." Omit that he *slept*, and pretend not to know "what one" o'clock this was.

How does your author get such high introductions? he can't have any merit. Envy him, and tell him he *comes over* people, by a great *overcomer*, one " flattery," whom you may call " that great subduer of human hearts."

Call " one of the party," at St. Valori, " Mr. Walker" at once, and say, " he smiled when your author put a story down in his pocket-book, to compose part of his tour." You have before said the story was in Joe Miller; and that your author always turned to that writer " *when he got home.*" But who remembers what you say? Not even you, and, much more, not your readers.

Upon your author's quoting some sentences of the late Dean Kirwan's sermons, which were "taken in short hand from his extemporaneous delivery," and "which were procured with infinite difficulty," overlook their eloquence, and write, as a "*private note*;" 'Be not so *holy-cruel.*' Shakspeare."

Private note of my own. "Be not so *boisterous-rough.*" Shakspeare.

N.B. Private notes are never to be attended to.

Hints for "Mems. for Cap. XX."

Say that the mere "winding river" at Tinnahinch, inasmuch as it

"here fertilizes meadows" (leaving out, as it "there foams over rocks," and that "the rich romantic foliage of the woods, and the lofty mountains that half-enclose the Dargle," furnished their quota towards the resemblance), "reminded your author of Grattan's eloquence:" don't add, because "lucid, rich, copious, and sublime."—"Whilst the cloud-capt Scalp, serrated with broken rock, resembled the terrible force of his roused philippic:" travesty this into "the cloud-capt scalp [reminded me] of the force of his roused philippic," printing the *Scalp* with a small initial letter. Then add, "you must make this out when you've time." It cer-

tainly does require some time to restore it to sense.

Dispatch the rest of this chapter at once, as it is filled with specimens of Grattan's eloquence, which you are, of course, to despise as heartily, as you do the productions of every other writer, who is introduced into your author's work. Say that the "Heads," your author has put to these extracts, "may do Grattan the same service, as the heads of your author's chapters do him,—assist to explain what he is about."

Hints for " Mems. for Cap. XXI."

MISUNDERSTAND your author, when he says, that, on account of the existence of jurors'-waiting-rooms in the Irish courts, " the juries are prevented from having any communication with the public; a very necessary caution, which is not practised in England," where, it is well known, jurors and auditors are all crowded together till the former are called for. It is sometimes convenient to blunder. Say, that " after a jury is *empannelled* in England," (your author means after they are *in court*,) " the jurors talk to any body they like."

Make your author call Curran "the luminous;" it will presently be said, that he is often wanted in all the Irish courts at once; and then you have an opportunity of remarking, that "it is the desire of his clients 'to take him and cut him out in little *stars*.'" So large a luminous body would, it is true, cut up into more than four "little *stars*;" but, my *stars!* is a pun to be criticised in this way?

Purposely mistake the use of the word *solely*, when your author tells you that the extracts of Curran's eloquence "'were delivered in times of violence, during the effervescence of the rebellion, and that they are *solely*

introduced to exhibit the style of the orator;" and hint, that that word was used "lest the more obvious reason of filling seven pages should flash upon the reader." Your author's book contains already more matter than such a work required; but, never mind, he wanted more "to fill up." It is "o'er-flowing, but not full," to reverse Denham.

Another line from Barnaby, and exhaustion will finish this chapter of "Mems."

Hints for "Mems. for Cap. XXII."

You must have observed, in the course of the travesty you are now

about to close, that a very great handle for ridicule is always obtained by mistaking the circumstantial, for the leading, fact. Thus, when your author says here, " In the evening, I was at the theatre," make him emphasise " *in the evening* ;" and you can immediately interpose, " they never go in the *morning*." In the very next paragraph, too, where your author, " upon visiting the Hibernian school for soldiers' children," expresses his " surprise to find that the boys are not allowed to go into the army," place the emphasis upon *boys* ; and add :—" The *girls* often do, probably without asking leave." This is a sorry trick ; but " hang

sorrow :" " a foolish thought to say a sorry trick."

Give Barnaby a parting citation; and pun *to the end of the chapter.* And as for the author's *General Remarks,* blow up, with the fire of a single squib, an edifice, whose materials, instead of the author's " picking them up any where," must have been the result of deep and laborious research.

FINIS.

J. MOYES, Printer, 34, Shoe Lane.